



*For the Best Title to this Picture \$800 will be given in Prizes  
See conditions within*

# The New United States Solid Truck Tire

The United States Tire Company announces a new solid truck tire made in regular, high profile and large single types.

This tire embodies what is probably the most important advance in solid tire manufacture of recent years—an improvement which minimizes the liability of separation between the tire itself and the steel base on which it is mounted.

The new process used in building the United States Solid Truck Tire forms a union between the rubber and the steel base.

This eliminates the necessity of relying entirely on the mechanical bond formed by the usual dovetail grooves that hold the rubber to its base.

The new United States Solid Truck Tire possesses a degree of wear-resisting power that brings solid tire costs down to the minimum.

It has proved so pronounced a success that the *unlimited mileage guarantee*, so popular among buyers of other United States Tires, has been extended to cover also the Solid Truck Tires.

*All United States Tires—passenger car and truck—are guaranteed to be free from imperfections in materials and workmanship, with no limitation of mileage.*

*This guarantee is backed by the good faith of the United States Rubber Company—the oldest and largest rubber company in the world.*

United States Tire Company

United States Tires  
are Good Tires



## Don't Forget Your Valentine

Send \$2, \$3, \$5 or \$10, for The Sweetest Chocolate words that can be said to a Sweetheart—

### "Smith's Chocolate Dreams" (reg)

The universal language of Sweets—beautifully packed in a True Heart box and safely parcel posted to any reachable girl in this world.

For all other occasions send \$2, \$3, \$5 or \$10 for a "Regular" box of Chocolate Dreams.

*George Smith*

St. Paul or Minneapolis Minn., U. S. A.

Maker and Shipper of World's Finest Candies, \$2, \$3, \$5 per lb. delivered.

## The Iceman's Annual Problem

SEE the handsome iceman! He wears a fur coat, twenty-dollar shoes, a fifty-dollar hat and an air of gloom.

Why the air of gloom?

Ice is forming thickly on the lakes and streams. Already his workmen are beginning to cut ice and store it as usual in his ice houses on the edge of the lakes.

He admits that ice will be plentiful this year. But still he is gloomy.

Why on earth should the iceman be gloomy?

Certainly he isn't afraid that winter will extend clear through next summer, thereby making it unnecessary for mothers to buy ice with which to cool the milk for the babies? No, he isn't afraid of that.

Surely his gloom is not caused by fear that spring will come around before his customarily large crop of ice is all har-

## CUNARD ANCHOR

Regular Services  
NEW YORK—LIVERPOOL  
NEW YORK—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON  
N. Y.—PLYMOUTH—HAVRE—SOUTHAMPTON  
NEW YORK—PLYMOUTH—CHERBOURG  
NEW YORK—PLYMOUTH—HAVRE—LONDON  
NEW YORK—MEDITERRANEAN



SCHEDULES ON APPLICATION  
21-24 STATE STREET, NEW YORK  
OR BRANCHES AND AGENCIES



## ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

That brightness of eye, clearness of skin, sweetness of breath, steadiness of nerve which healthy people radiate is due in large measure to good digestion—in many cases established and maintained by the use of Eno.

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a tasty, bubbling drink that quickly, pleasantly and surely stimulates digestion and overcomes headaches, nervousness, nausea, biliousness, indigestion and the many ills of constipation.

A bottle of Eno in every home is positive assurance of regular habits. Note the characteristic and attractive package. Be sure your druggist gives you this package. It comes in a large size only at one dollar.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Sales Agents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Sydney

vested and packed away? No! Nothing like that worries the handsome iceman.

The iceman knows there will be plenty of ice this winter, and he knows that the demand for it next summer will be as large as ever.

The thing that is worrying the handsome iceman is his yearly problem—what new excuse can he hand the public this coming summer for again boosting the price of ice?

Ah, look at the way the handsome iceman is now smiling!

Has he found the answer to his problem?

He has! Ice will be higher next summer because it is so thick this winter that the job of cutting it means increased wear and tear on the tools used in harvesting it!

A COLLEGE youth's idea of condescension is to come home and allow himself to be treated as one of the family.

—Dallas News.



"HE SAYS WHEN I'M BIG ENOUGH TO BE A BOY SCOUT THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE WAR"

## Boy Scouts! 'Tention!

Your number of LIFE is coming next week. The cover is by Norman Rockwell. The centre page is by Dickey. It will be jam full of boy scouts and dogs.

Next Week—Boy Scouts' Number of LIFE.

### LIFE Will Pay \$500

Just for a single idea—just a little line of talk to go under the picture that goes on the cover of this number. And there are other prizes—\$800, all told.

No, you don't even have to become a regular subscriber.

Read the conditions of the contest elsewhere in this issue.

Some day we shall rise in our might and refuse to be the slave of the business office. We shall omit the atrocious coupon that disfigures this page. We shall not even be guilty of any subtle suggestion that you ought to become a regular subscriber.

LIFE's illustrations are an unfailing source of joy to the average youngster.

If your own boy or one you care for is a Boy Scout, why not give a subscription to LIFE to his Troop? They would all enjoy it.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)



"HOW FAR ARE WE UP, DEAREST?"  
"THE SEVENTH HEAVEN, LOVE."

### *A Longing*

**M**INE'S a music-loving nature, and my very heartstrings thrill

To the song of thrush or mavis—nightingale or whippoorwill;  
But my unfulfilled ambition is to hear the haunting croon  
Of the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on the dune.

I have wandered in the tropics, I have rambled in the glades,  
I have heard the scarlet tangerine trill forth from coppice  
shades;

But its song is unimportant, colorless its rhythmic rune  
To the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on the dune.

I have heard the cockie-leckie on the lonely Scottish moor;  
I have heard the raucous goura, with its piping dank and  
dour;

I have heard the trocadero, but I still beg Fortune's boon  
Of the apteryx a-singing in the ilex on the dune.

So I wait in simple silence. I possess my soul and mind  
In what patience I can muster and what courage I can find.  
And I trust I yet shall listen, in October, say, or June—  
To an apteryx a-singing in the ilex on the dune.

*Carolyn Wells.*



*Served like champagne,  
wherever good drinks  
are appreciated ~ ~*



## A NEW IDEA IN BINDERS

Until now LIFE has never been able to supply its readers with an entirely satisfactory binder for the convenient and safe preservation of the copies of the journal.

The new invention expands or contracts at will, and makes a convenient volume to handle, as well as being very simple in operation.

It is handsomely made, the outside being black Art Buckram with cover design in gilt, and is made to hold six months' copies of LIFE.



Sent post free to any address in the United States  
on receipt of \$1.50

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
17 West Thirty-first Street New York City



*The Traffic Jam in Any City will show Twenty-five Makes of Cars—no two alike. New Models today, perhaps—but what of Tomorrow?*

## Who Dictates the Changes in Motor Car Design

**E**VERY now and then it occurs to some one to ask, "What happens to all the old Packards? Not those of eight or ten years ago, now running as taxicabs, but the in-between models—'15 and '16 and along there?"

A perfectly natural question, considering how accustomed people are to perpetual change in motor car design.

**E**ITHER there is something sound and fundamental in motor car design—or there is not.

The Packard Company believes that design is fundamental when it is governed by established standards of good taste and engineering, and not by passing fancies.

**I**T is gratifying to know that this belief is shared by more than five thousand Packard owners, who have owned Packards continuously for sixteen years.

Once create a motor car design that is fundamental and it will satisfy people of

good taste as long as the car lasts.

**T**HE Packard car is designed to last as long as fine workmanship, sound engineering and the highest grade of materials can make it.

And that is why Packards are always "new models."

And why the Packard owner's investment never suffers from sudden changes of "fashion," dictated by some one over whom he has no control.

*"Ask the Man  Who Owns One"*

**PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit**

JAN 27 1920

©CIB453631



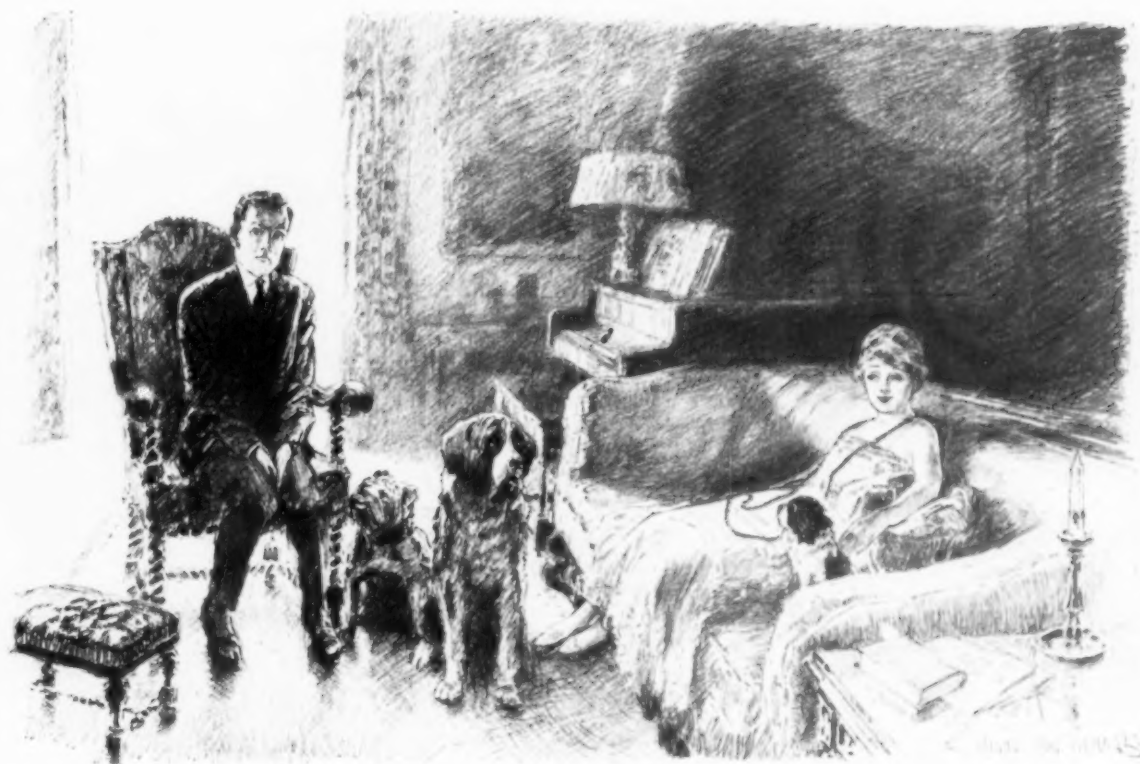
### Testimonials

PHILANDER GREER, the profiteer,  
Is quoted by the press  
As saying, "If you persevere,  
You'll surely win success;  
Don't earn your bread; just use your  
head,  
And make the public pay,  
(Ten years ago I worked, instead;  
But look at me to-day!)"

Samantha Brett, the suffragette,  
With fire in her eyes,  
Declares, "To get more glory yet,  
Rise up, my sisters, rise!  
Let's deal a blow—a crushing blow—  
At man, without delay,  
(Ten years ago I had a bean—  
But look at me to-day!)"

Old Grandpa Bell delights to tell  
Of days when he was spry:  
"I used to smoke, and chew, as well,  
And drink when I was dry;  
I felt that when my work was done  
I had a right to play.  
Yes, years ago I had some fun—  
But look at you, to-day!"

Oliver B. Capelle.



HER DUMB FRIENDS

## Our Presidential Department



THE enthusiasm with which our method of selecting candidates for President has been received is beyond our fondest hopes. A prominent official, who wishes his name suppressed, said late last night:

"I have long thought our system of nominating candidates by great conventions was all wrong. I know several men in my town who would make fine Presidents. Let the good work go on."

A friend writes:

"This idea of securing a President from the common people shocked me at first, it was so entirely novel. But it has my heartiest commendation."

It must be confessed, however, that dissenting views have been expressed. Here is one:

MANAGER LIFE'S PRESIDENTIAL DEPARTMENT.

*Dear Sir:* While I agree with you that professional politicians should be barred out of the Presidential race, at the same time we voters want to know whom we are voting for. The fact that any man you put up will first be examined carefully as to his qualifications is, of course, something. But such a man would be unknown, and that he hasn't been able to advertise himself in any way beforehand must count against him.

Now we have a number of men who are not professional politicians, who might fill the bill admirably. Let me, for example, suggest the following ticket, it being understood beforehand



IN NEW YORK

"WHAT'S THAT NOISE?"  
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MIKE. IT'S ONLY A COP."



JONES BEGINS TO DOUBT THE WISDOM OF HAVING CONVERTED HIS COAL BIN INTO A WINE CELLAR

that the President will have to appoint the members of his cabinet:

*For President*—Booth Tarkington.

*For Vice-President*—John Drew.

*For Secretary of State*—Harold Bell Wright.

*For Secretary of War*—Douglas Fairbanks.

*For Secretary of Navy*—Luther Burbank.

*For Secretary of Labor*—Vincent Astor.

*For Secretary of Agriculture*—Rupert Hughes.

*For Secretary of Interior*—Ty Cobb.

The rest of the ticket I am perfectly



"I ACTUALLY BELIEVE YOUR HUSBAND HAS BEEN TRYING TO FLIRT WITH ME."  
 "THAT MAN WOULD FLIRT WITH ANYBODY!"

willing to let the President select. But I do feel that we ought to have a representative government. As long as our government is more or less of an amusement, it ought to be conducted on the right lines to keep us interested.

I would have no objection—indeed, I think it might be well to have Charlie Chaplin also on this ticket. He is the best sidestepper I know.

Yrs.,

A. MIDDLEMAN.

That is, of course, only one point of view. We welcome all suggestions. Meantime the examination of candidates is going on. We already have several promising specimens.

### Service

WHEN the Brazen Hussy moved into the house next door, the "Uplifter" said, "Of course I can't exactly call. But if she comes out on her veranda to sit, I shall smile at her. The only way to get a hold on people like that is to be friendly."

And the Brazen Hussy looked at the "Uplifter" next door and said to herself, "Poor fright! I suppose I might as well speak to her. Perhaps after a little she will let me show her how to do her hair."

"I SEE the Prince of Wales is talked of as Viceroy of Ireland."

"Well, that shows what his recent visit to New York did for him."



IN THE STONE AGE  
 ROCKING THE BABY TO SLEEP



"HIS PHILOSOPHY SEEMS TO TAKE WELL WITH THE LADIES. DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY UNDER-  
STAND IT?"

"HEAVENS, NO! IF THEY DID THEY'D HAVE HIM THROWN OUT."

## Life's Title Contest

(See picture on the cover of this issue)



For the best title to the picture on the cover of this issue, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize . . . .	\$500.00
Second Prize . . . .	\$200.00
Third Prize . . . .	\$100.00

The contest will be governed by the following

### CONDITIONS

Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than twenty-five words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

Contestants may send in more than one answer, but each one must be on a separate sheet, with name and address plainly written. The contest is open to everybody. In case of any dispute as to the status of a winning contestant under these conditions, the Editors of LIFE will be the sole judges. But a liberal interpretation will be placed on the conditions.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on Monday, May 3, 1920, no manuscripts received on that date after that hour being considered.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York. Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered. Envelopes must contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet. If you have anything else to say to LIFE, send it in a separate letter. The Editors will not be responsible for the loss of manuscripts. Contestants are advised to keep duplicate copies. No manuscripts will be returned.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author, but in this case the source must be accurately given.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE to be a contestant.

In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be

given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

*The earlier you send your title the better. In previous contests many arrived too late.*



"He wears the rose of youth upon him"  
*Antony and Cleopatra.*



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### The High Cost of Indigestion



**T**HAT the stomach is the seat of the intellect, has often been asserted. Inasmuch as nobody can afford to indulge in thinking nowadays without danger of running behindhand in his bills, it is important that one's stomach should be in good running order. If it isn't, we may have to think in spite of ourselves, because there have been too many examples of excellent men who have been forced to a process of thought by a process of indigestion. The high cost of living induces worry, and worry interferes with assimilation. It isn't the amount of food required that necessarily adds to the expense, but the quality. The man who permits himself the luxury of indigestion in these days is, therefore, hard put to it. The things that he can eat are delicate and expensive: they have to be cooked with skill, and almost any culinary skill means additional expenditure; if, indeed, it can be procured at all. It takes an expert in finance to steer his domestic vessel through the running sea of a milk diet. Broiled chicken that has not been previously incarcerated in a cold storage plant, but comes fresh from the adjacent farm, assumes the proportions of an economic crisis. To invest one's capital in sweetbreads on toast is a form



UNCONSTITUTIONAL

"Nor cruel and unusual punishments be inflicted"



AS IT SEEMS TO HER

of speculation not to be contemplated without a sense of supreme disaster. The fresh egg is the parent of bankruptcy.

Unfortunately, the situation is complicated by the cost of paper and printing. In order to get the most out of one's indigestion, it is essential not only to cultivate new specialists, but to read all the new books and systems of diet that are constantly coming out. At any time, your whole idea of what you ought to eat may be completely upset by a new theory of diet. Unless you can keep up with the procession, you will be left far behind, and may have to fall back on your own resources, and eat only those things that you want to eat, without regard to the experts. Boiled rice was at one time declared to be an ideal diet for a semi-invalid, until someone discovered that, in process of preparing it for the table, practically all nourishment had been removed from it. History having pronounced that primitive man lived upon roots, the eating of bran was declared necessary, until somebody else asserted that it scratched the lining of the stomach more than was safe.

Another melancholy feature of this problem is that indigestion apparently has no effect in shortening one's life. Its victims, indeed, are likely to linger on for years, far beyond their allotted time, because of the increased caution with which they have to guard their actions.



AT ANY AFTERNOON TEA

"SHE LEFT WITHOUT A MOMENT'S NOTICE"—"THINK OF THE WAGES THEY ASK"—"I HAVEN'T HAD A MAID FOR SIX WEEKS"—"SHE REFUSES TO MAKE A BED"—"I PAY HER EIGHTY DOLLARS A MONTH"—"I ENGAGED ONE, BUT SHE NEVER CAME"—"WE'RE CLOSING OUR HOUSE AND GOING TO A HOTEL"—"SHE CAN'T EVEN BOIL EGGS"—ETC., ETC., ETC.

In every situation, however, though seemingly hopeless, there may be a ray of light. It is not impossible that the cost of nursing one's indigestion may soon become prohibitive. In this case, the sufferers will have to give up all of the rapidly accumulating cures, and be forced to go along just as if they didn't have anything the matter with them. They will forget themselves, and thus recover. Providence, after all, is not such a bad taskmaster.

### A Way to Get Even

**JUNIOR WARDEN:** The Rev. Mr. Silvertone writes he can't accept our offer of ten thousand for a sermon; he wants fifteen.

**SENIOR WARDEN:** Let's give it to him. We can more than make up the extra by increased contributions. All we'll need to do to jam the church will be to advertise, "Sermon by a clerical profiteer."



NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

### The Fresh Air Endowments

THE cold of winter does not chill the generosity of LIFE's readers even when its object is to alleviate suffering that comes only with the torrid heat of New York's summers. The endowments work in both summer and winter to make possible the relief they give to the suffering children of the poor. For this purpose we have received the required funds

From the editorial and office staff of LIFE to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 158

In Memory of ANDREW MILLER, who died December 31st, 1919

From Charles Sterling Judson, Boston, Cal., to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 150

In Memory of

KATHARINE VAN HORNE JUDSON.

From an anonymous donor to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 151

In Memory of ROYAL GARDNER.

From Mrs. Philip H. McMillan, Detroit, Mich., to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 152

In Memory of PHILIP H. McMILLAN, who died on October 4, 1919.

From Dwight Parker Robinson, New York City, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 153

In Memory of EDGAR ROBINSON of Boston, Mass.

From an anonymous donor to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 154

ANONYMOUS, Boston, Mass.

From Mrs. R. C. Nelson, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 155

In Memory of ALICE BRAME

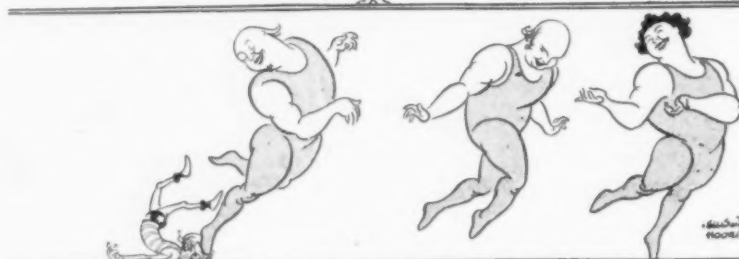
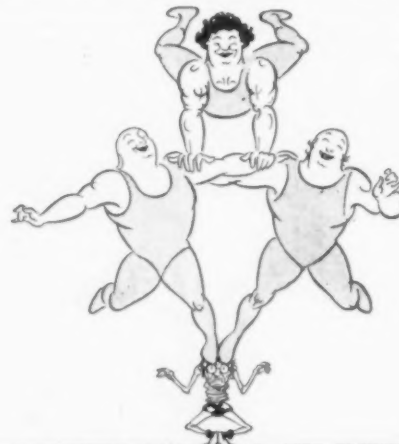
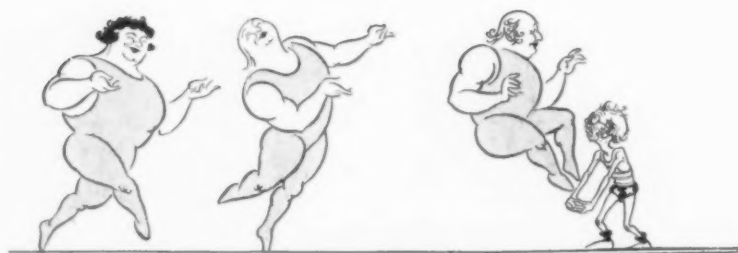
From an anonymous donor to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS NOS. 156 AND 157  
ANONYMOUS, Philadelphia.

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes or Liberty Loan 4½-per-cent. bonds should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. A check will do as well.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country.

A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.



THE ATHLETES

SIGNORI PROFITEERSKI, POLITICIANO, STRIKERO AND KOMMON PEEPUL

### The Cynic

STONE walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.  
Those lines old Richard Lovelace spake  
My fancies oft engage.  
I'm old and shrewd, my brain's awake,  
My heart has lost its throb—  
*P'ntees do not a warrior make,  
Nor sailor hats a gob.*

"Annettes" do not a swimmer make,  
Nor tennis togs a champ.  
Oh for a faith, for comfort's sake,  
That cynics could not damp!  
Life's thrillers have no power to move,  
Stage heroes gain small honor—  
*Rouged toes do not a dancer prove,  
Nor trills a prima donner.*

Whale bones do not a Venus make,  
Nor paint a debutante.  
I'd fain believe, for woman's sake,  
But Heaven knows I can't.  
And yet 'tis equally in vain  
To trust the Devil's stamp!  
*Bobbed locks don't make a gay mondaine,  
Nor cigarettes a vamp.*

Ah me! So many things are fake—  
How truly do I know it!  
Quotations don't an author make,  
Nor parodies a poet.

Burges Johnson.

HE (*bitterly*): I have spent all the  
money I have in the world on you.  
What more do you want?

SHE (*sweetly*): More money.

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID, YOUNG MAN, THAT YOU HAD A COLLEGE EDUCATION."

"I HAVE, SIR. I AM ENGAGED TO A VASSAR GRADUATE."

JANUARY 29  
1920

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
JAMES S. METCALFE, Secretary  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

VOL. 75  
No. 1943

tion with copious and frequent letters about the progress of the late war, appears at the top of three sticks of information from London to effect that peace has been ratified in Europe, but that no peace is yet visible in the souls of men. "Here in England," says the correspondent, "one finds among one's own friends and, to tell the truth, in one's own heart, a melancholy and disillusionment not easy of cure." He speaks of finding in the newspapers "a daily record of personal tragedies which seem to be caused by a sudden breakdown in the ideals of men and women who were formerly, it seemed, sound and sane." He tells of a general depression of spirits which people try to allay by artificial gayeties, and of an insistent demand for more money with which to have more fun. All this "morbid mentality" he finds directly traceable to the war, and reasons that what the individual needs as well as the world is a declaration of peace—a peace of mind—the first clause of it to be "the abolition of that code of violence which has governed us inevitably in the war."

He notes that many decent people in England would have done with clamors for the Kaiser's head and the trial and judgment of the Germans on the black-list, and he seems to sympathize with them, for he says, "Let us get the smell of blood out of our nostrils as far as we can." As a war correspondent he knows, doubtless, what that smell is, and he dares to confess that he is tired of it.

THE name of Philip Gibbs, familiar to all newspaper readers by its associa-

Bold man! His views will get a good deal of sympathy even here, where, with a substantial ocean operating faithfully between us and the Germans, we keep up the theory of war with them, though not its practices.



PEACE! It has a pretty sound! Some things that go very properly with it—meat, raiment, shelter—we have in this country, though, alas! not drink. "Let us have peace," said General Grant, and it is still a good idea. If the Senate won't provide us with it, let us go out and dig some, each one of us for himself. That is the kind of peace that will do us the most good, and the kind that, in the end, we shall have to provide for ourselves, just as those British brethren will, who, Mr. Gibbs says, are now so gloomy. The more the war is over, the more little rows there are going to be. Hereabouts rum is gone, and some people may be cross. We may as well expect that all the war atrocities that happened in Washington will be brought out and aired, and that efforts will be made to enlist us all to bring culprits to justice.

Stars above! Think how many of them there must be! Must we bring them all to justice? The job of it! Mercy! Can we not consider them all punished by the installation of total abstinence in the United States on January 16th? A general amnesty wipes off all scores. A universal punishment should be just as good. Let

it be given out that all war offenses of stupidity, vanity, wrong-headedness, obstinacy, incapacity and the like, and other offenses of an affiliated character, have been punished by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and that now we are free to have all the peace we can get.



THAT might save Secretary Daniels from some embarrassments in accounting for his exploits, but what of it? Is it worth a great turmoil in the papers and much raging of controversy to get Mr. Daniels in the pillory? When Admiral Sims declared, in effect, that no naval honor awarded by Mr. Daniels was worth taking, that was probably true, and was well done, and what the Admiral says about the Secretary's failure to do what he should have done in the war, sounds so likely as to make one wonder if, after all, the Germans didn't win. But, oh, with print paper so high and typesetting so dear, must we try out Josephus in the papers! Hadn't we better do as Mr. Gibbs suggests and get the smell of him out of our nostrils as soon as we may? His job was to be the scourge of the seas, and he did it. If he scourged his own side somewhat worse than the other, that was merely a temperamental mistake. What the world needs is not better navies, but worse ones, and very much less of them, and if Mr. Daniels worked to that end, all one can complain of is that his efforts were untimely.

The money that has been used to go for navies is now needed to raise the teachers' salaries and support persons reduced to mendicancy by the income tax. Mr. Daniels did what he could to make navies unpopular, especially with naval officers. To expose him very much before the taxpayers might make him quite a likely candidate for President. Let us have peace, not Daniels. He will soon pass on now into the region of low visibility, and what common sense bids us all hope is that four-fifths of all the navies of the world may soon follow him.

Navies on a great scale belong to the era which is gone. Naval officers are



"IT'S THE UPKEEP OF THE DARN MACHINE THAT WORRIES ME"

highly trained men, and the good ones will be useful and admirable in any kind of a new era that one can imagine. Nothing that one can say in deprecation of huge navies for the future should imply derogation of the gallant and long-suffering naval personnel which did us inestimable service in the war, and fills a place up close to the heart of every man who loves his country and hopes for peace in the world. But for navies themselves we do well to hope for all the reduction that our faltering confidence in the future of human deportment will permit. We want enough of them to police the seas in the interest of righteousness and peace, but not enough in the control of any single power to boss the seas in that power's interest.



IT will not pay us to excite ourselves excessively over Mr. Daniels, nor yet about the excluded Socialist members of the New York Assembly. Let

the lawyers do that. They have come nobly to the rescue. It is a matter of law whether the five Socialists have been rightly excluded or not. The State Bar Association has undertaken to discover what the law about it is. Its members are divided pretty evenly about it, the discussion is in their line, and they can be trusted to thrash it out and induce justice to prevail, leaving the laity to pursue peace and discuss soothing and unfrictional matters like the purchase of the *Herald* and *Evening Telegram* by Mr. Munsey.

It is many years since the *Herald* has had an editorial opinion, but it printed more or less news, and has had some interesting habits which have appealed to persons who had habits to match. When a newspaper has once become a habit with a considerable number of people it is very hard for it to die.

The *Evening Telegram* endeared itself gently to readers, first by wearing pink paper, and lately in the war by always printing reassuring headlines about the Allies in its last edition, so that pro-Ally people slept better after seeing it.

There will be curiosity to see what Mr. Munsey will do with these inter-

esting orphans. His two *Sun* papers print the news agreeably, and seem to prosper in spite of their atrocious political opinions. He made his fortune selling stories, and, after all, that is the main part of a newspaper's business, and his training in it seems to help him out in these later adventures as a publisher of news.

We are too apt to let newspapers excite us, and not to be content merely to let them work for us. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, like everything else it is too high. We cannot all of us be vigilant all the time. The office of the newspapers is to do it for us most of the time, so that we can pursue peace and make our livings. If the newspapers are vigilant enough, the lawyers and politicians will do the rest, and liberty will be preserved without undue effort from the general run of the population.



FRANCE shows her appreciation of the fighting services of Clemenceau by declining to make him President of France, which is not a fighting job. It was a kind act, and goes some ways to refute the saying that republics are ungrateful. M. Clemenceau seemed willing to accept the employment if it was pressed upon him, which is hard to understand, unless he needed the salary. It would have provided for him for seven years, and if he needs provision there is something to be said for his accepting it in that form. But his long-continued activity in French politics has concerned itself mainly in "turning the rascals out," and in France that exercise does not seem to make for popularity among the politicians. It seems to have been feared that if the Old Man Dangerous became President he would galvanize the office into something that would really go, and which might run over somebody. So the electors prudently selected another man.

How easily it was done, and how quickly it was over! It makes us look critically at our method, by which it takes a good twelve months every fourth year to shift our helm of state into new hands.



"It is sweet and glorious to



glorious to die for one's party"



### Saving a Hypo's Victim



THE example of the heroine's cooking ability given in "Mamma's Affair" boded ill, in these servantless days, for the domestic after-happiness of the hero who was to become her husband. But that was only an unimportant incident in an unusual occurrence—the production of a prize play with qualities to please and highly amuse an audience. As a rule, plays written for a prize get on to the stage only because the contest conditions compel their production, and they are rarely heard of afterwards.

The hypochondriac is by no means a new character on the stage, but what Mr. Maugham did with the physical aspects of the female of the kind in "The Mullusc" Mr. Morosco's prize-winner has done far more analytically with the mental aspects of the prize patient so admirably personated by Effie Shannon. We have all known her in some of her manifestations, but the author and Miss Shannon have here given us a faithful picture of her in her most blighting and most laughable possibilities. Although we see her for less than a month of her lifetime, we can picture her development from sentimental and clinging girlhood through equally sentimental and clinging maturity into a sentimental, clinging and utterly selfish motherhood with a daughter whose very life she almost sacrifices to her hypochondriac exactions.



AT last she comes across a doctor who is not a doctor for dollars only. He discovers quickly who is the real patient in the family, and this makes the play. His common sense enables him to dissolve the atmosphere, thick with asininity, which envelops the pseudo-invalid. Unfortunately for completed interest, the comedy does not carry us beyond the happy ending, and enable us to learn the sensible way to deal with a hypochondriac mother-in-law. This might make an interesting sequel to "Mamma's Affair."

Mr. Morosco has a happy talent for casting plays, and it is shown at its best in this case. Effie Shannon's finished comedy needs no description. Katherine Kaelred supplies plenty of sentiment of a more robust type, Mr. Robert Edeson finds congenial material in the character of the country practitioner, George Le

Guere reproduces well a pestiferous type of rimmed-spectacled and frowzy-haired young man too prevalent, and Amelia Bingham is rescued from the tearful heroines to be a husky and hearty sick-nurse. Little Billy would be 'astly amusing for so small a person if he could get his lines over the foot-lights, and the producer has made a veritable find in Ida St. Leon, the charming and natural young heroine who can't—or doesn't—cook her own breakfast.

"Mamma's Affair" is a clean, unusually clever and very well acted light comedy.



HOW old is Lillian Russell?" is a question which comes to the theatrical authority more often than any other. As a test of the utility of Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "A History of the Theatre in America" (lately published by the Lippincotts in two handsome volumes) as a reference book, appeal was made to its index. The correct answer was promptly found, and the work responded equally well to other tests of less national importance. It is full of valuable and fairly complete information, given in chronological sequence from the first play given in America down to the year just closed.

The author is content to give his information in readable narrative form, in matters of opinion for the most part quoting from critics and contemporary writers in the periods he records. There are omissions, but from the mass of matter that might have been included, the author has chosen judiciously. In a later edition the index should be made to include every allusion, but as it is, the work should be found in every library as a reference book. In addition to that, much of it is interesting reading, especially to those at all interested in the theatre. Its appearance is timely and points the opinion that just now the American theatre is artistically



THIS TIME THE SCRAP OF PAPER IS LINED WITH STEEL

# LIFE

in a period of decline, owing to its control by entirely commercial interests.

WE are told that with oodles of theatre money in the hands of persons who have neither taste nor discrimination in patronizing the theatre, practically any old thing can make money in New York. This is largely true, and yet, with managerial bent following almost entirely its own inclination, things are by no means as bad as they might be. To be sure, in no one of New York's many theatres is there to be found a trace of Shakespeare or the classic dramas, but not all the products of our own time are entirely beneath the contempt of the exacting theatregoer.

Even the critical can do a week's play-going in this city without being deeply offended, and, if not too difficult, can be rationally entertained. Even in London or Paris it might not be possible to do the same. If we remember that the theatre cannot live on the patronage of the highbrowed alone, we will be more content with the proportion of theatres given over entirely to the frivolous and light-minded. Learned judges, wise professors, leading medicos and even wearers of the cloth have been known, when visiting



THOSE LONG EVENINGS ABOARD THE ARK  
JOY OF THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THE  
MIGHTY HUNTER

New York, to number among their theatrical experiences attendance on extreme examples of the girl-and-music industry. Considering that all classes have to be catered to and that the theatrical tendency is to seek dollars where the most dollars may be found, the general condition, artistically and morally, is not bad by a long shot.

Metcalfe.

## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

**Astor.**—"East Is West," by Messrs. Shipman and Hyatt, with Fay Bainter as the star. Chinese life in San Francisco supplying the background for a well acted play.

**Belasco.**—"The Son-Daughter," by Messrs. Scarborough and Belasco, with Leonore Ulric. Elaborately staged and well played melodrama of Chinese plots in New York's Chinatown.

**Bijou.**—"His Honor Abe Potash," by Messrs. Glass and Goodman, with Mr. Barney Bernard in the title rôle. Further amusing episodes based on the career of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter.

**Booth.**—"The Purple Mask," by Mr. Matheson Lang, with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Gripping and well acted melodrama of the period of the first Napoleon.

**Broadhurst.**—"Smilin' Through," by Mr. A. L. Martin, with Jane Cowl. Sentimental, romantic, spiritualistic and well staged.

**Casino.**—"The Little Whopper," by Messrs. Harbach and Priml. Tunesful and humorous depiction of boarding-school love affairs.

**Century.**—"Aphrodite." Gorgeous spectacle picturing the luxury and wickedness of ancient Alexandria.

**Century Grace.**—"Midnight Whirl." Cabaret gaiety for the bed-haters.

**Central.**—"Always You," by Messrs. Hammerstein and Stodhart. Pleasant girl-and-music show.

**Cohan.**—"One Night in Rome," by Mr. Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor. Interesting drama with the star as a fascinating fortune-teller.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"The Acquittal," by

Rita Weiman. Ingenious and absorbing crime melodrama, well played.

**Comedy.**—"My Lady Friends," by Messrs. Nvtray and Mandel, with Mr. Clifton Crawford. A really laughable farcical comedy.

**Cort.**—"Abraham Lincoln," by Mr. John Drinkwater. The principal episodes in Lincoln's life admirably and impressively reproduced.

**Criterion.**—"Pietro," by Maud Skinner and Mr. J. E. Goodman, with Mr. Otis Skinner. Notice later.

**Empire.**—"Deçassée," by Zoe Akins, with Ethel Barrymore. The star at her best in a well contrived international society drama.

**Eltinge.**—"The Girl in the Limousine," by Messrs. Collison and Hopwood. Bedroom farce with numerous laughs.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Storm," by Mr. Langdon McCormick. Commonplace melodrama of the Northwest illumined by an elaborate forest-fire scene.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"Frivolities of 1920." Expensive staging of a vulgar girl-and-music show.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Funny and well acted character comedy.

**Garrick.**—"Tolstoy's 'The Power of Darkness.'" Notice later.

**Globe.**—"Apple Blossoms," by Messrs. Kreisler, Jacobi and Le Baron. Girl-and-music show of very superior quality.

**Harris.**—"Wedding Bells," by Mr. Salisbury Field. Extremely amusing and delightfully acted light comedy.

**Henry Miller's.**—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," by Mr. James Forbes, with Blanche Bates

and Henry Miller. Satirical and well played comedy dealing with ladies who sacrifice everything else to a public career.

**Hippodrome.**—"Happy Days." Big show of spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

**Hudson.**—"Clarence," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Amusing but crude comedy of Middle-West youth.

**Little.**—"Mamma's Affair," by Rachel B. Butler. See above.

**Longacre.**—"Adam and Eva," by Messrs. Bolton and Middleton. How to handle an extravagant family demonstrated in comedy form.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers," by Mr. Avery Hopwood, with Ida Claire. Close-up and diverting view of chorus-girl life in New York.

**Lyric.**—"The Light of the World." Modern play entwined with depiction of episodes from the life of Christ.

**Marine Elliott's.**—"No More Blondes," by Mr. Otto Harbach. Fairly amusing farce constructed of trite material.

**Morosco.**—"For the Defence," by Mr. Elmer Rice, with Mr. Richard Bennett. Sex-melodrama mixed with crime and mystery. Highly interesting.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Last week of 'Greenwich Village Follies.'" New York's counterfeit Latin Quarter in girl-and-music embellishment.

**Park.**—Fairly good-representations of light opera repertory.

**Playhouse.**—"The Ruined Lady," by Frances Nordstrom, with Grace George. Notice later.

**Plymouth.**—"The Jest," by Mr. Sam H. Belli, with Mr. John Barrymore. Strong drama, well played, with the scene laid in the Florence of the Medicis.

**Princess.**—Closed.

**Punch and Judy.**—Closed.

**Republic.**—"The Sign on the Door," by Mr. Channing Pollock. Ingeniously written and absorbing melodrama of crime and sex.

**Selsman.**—"Buddies," by Messrs. Hobart and William. Pleasant musical romantic episodes of life among the A. E. F. in France.

**Shubert.**—"The Magic Melody," by Messrs. Kummer and Romberg. Interesting and elaborate musical play.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Scandal," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. Sex comedy, clever and well done.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene," by Messrs. Montgomery and Tierney, with Edith Day. Girl-and-music show much better than usual in matter and manner.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1920." Continual solace for the t. b. m. in the way of elaborate girl-and-music show.

## A Rejection Slip Up to Date



IN deporting this undesirable citizen, the United States government desires to reproach the mother-country for submitting him, and to express the hope that no more such applicants may hereafter be forthcoming from the same source. The United States government feels sure that the

mother-country will understand, where so many applicants are constantly being received, and where the space in America is necessarily so limited, that only those persons can be retained who are particularly suited to America's needs.

**SILLICUS:** A reasonable amount of egotism is good for a man.

**CYNICUS:** Yes, it keeps him from brooding over the success of his friends.



*The Groundhog:* HO-HUM! I'D BETTER HOP INTO BED AND GET A FEW WINKS OF SLEEP BEFORE THAT CLOCK GOES OFF ON FEBRUARY SECOND



"HE SEEMS RATHER TOO PONDEROUS AND PRACTICAL FOR THE FANCIFUL TYPE OF VERSE HE TRIES TO WRITE."

"YES, HIS AIR CASTLES ALL HAVE STEAM HEAT AND MODERN PLUMBING."

## Silver Linings for a Cloud

**MR. AUSTIN HARRISON**, English Liberal, in an article which is transplanted from the *English Review* to the *Living Age* of January 10th, discloses the opinion that the swatting of the Treaty by our Senate has been a grand thing for all hands. He says it will force all Europe to think—"perhaps for the first time since the outbreak of the war." He holds that the politicians at Paris made a peace that is economically unworkable, and calculated to have it financed and made to operate by "the only two world powers left and the only true solvent shareholders in the concern," Great Britain and the United States. If one of these shareholders declines the speculation, it will leave to the other one, Mr. Harrison thinks, a larger job than he can handle.

He doesn't think England can afford to be "the chief constable and banker of an anarchic Europe." Under the plans made at Paris not enough of Europe could prosper to keep Britain going. England must trade. She lives by it. But she cannot trade with a Europe regrouped on an uneconomic basis. Rather than attempt to save a Europe whose politicians insist on chaos, she will have to turn the other way and "move with America toward the new order through Ireland." First she must straighten out Ireland, because so long as she must govern that island with tanks, she cannot expect



G-O-O-D N-I-G-H-T!!!

intimacy with the United States, nor to be regarded by Europe as the arbiter of justice. The League of Nations will come in due time when the nations get ready to play fair.

That is Mr. Harrison's idea, and it sounds quite good, though other informed and experienced persons can doubtless pick it to pieces. But accepting it for purposes of conjecture, let us see where it comes out.

Mr. Wilson, let us say, fought himself to a standstill in Paris for world-righteousness, but was beaten, and came home with a treaty so rotten and impossible that the Senate wouldn't have it. Then with all the support he could get he fought the opposition in the Senate until he fell in his tracks. Now if the Senate prevents the United States from being committed in more than a perfunctory degree to the support of the Treaty, and if Great Britain, in consequence, edges away and concludes to turn

Ireland loose and let Continental Europe get what is coming to it, we may have a very pretty illustration of the practical value of political righteousness, and of the way things work together to vindicate its expediency.

Mr. Wilson's ideas for world-reconstruction have been criticised steadily, not for being bad, but for being of such an unearthly goodness that they were not practicable. He has himself been criticised, not for being untrue to them, but for being beaten in his efforts to put them over. Very well; thanks to the Senate, we may see whether it was to the world's advantage to beat him, and what sort of ideas it was that the world really needed.

Sometimes in history men who had unusually progressive ideas have been beaten and done for, but the ideas themselves in the long run came out pretty well. So it was with Galileo, to mention no other, and so it may happen again.

E. S. M.

### "A Little Learning," Etc.

JONES developed the "course" habit. First, he learned to be a "convincing talker," and was arrested as a confidence man; next, he purchased "The Secret of Making People Adore You," and lost all his friends; third, he invested in the "Magic Recipe for Millions," and joined the bread-line; and, as a last resort, with what was left he plunged on a "Memory Course," and—promptly forgot all his troubles.

### Same Risk

TELLER: I cannot cash this check for you. I'd be taking a chance. You see, I do not know you.

FAIR CUSTOMER: But I'm taking the same chance, letting you cash it. I don't know you, either.



THE LANDLORD PUTS ON A RECORD JUST GIVEN TO HIM BY ONE OF HIS TENANTS



-TAILED

### Motor Bandits, Attention!

THE Yeggmobile Company, purveyors to our leading lawbreakers, suggests that you take special note of its 1920 model before you select the car for your winter and early spring operations.

Its "Liberty" motor keeps you out of jail. Silent as the night, it steals upon the unsuspecting, unsuspected. The tonneau is furnished with our own non-skid money bins; they positively prevent the fractional currency from clinking. The two gears (high and low; no second, reverse or brakes) do away with confusion in moments of excitement, and make for the quick getaway so desirable in your line of work. Revolver holsters are a part of the regular equipment. The patent reversible tool kit will help you out of trouble or into a safe with equal facility. The rear elevation is bullet-proof, a fact which adds materially to the comfort and peace of mind of an escape down Main Street.

Demonstrations on a fifty-fifty basis.



DELIRIUM GRAPEJUICEMENS



"SAY, HARRY, WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET BACK THAT OIL STOCK WE'VE BEEN SELLING."

"WHAT'S THE IDEA?"

"I JUST GOT A TELEGRAM SAYING THE DARNED PROPERTY REALLY HAS OIL ON IT."

We are proud to print the following testimonial from an eminent member of the "Strong Arm Squad":

"GENTLEMEN: Your car is a great proposition. You have made decided advances over all previous models for criminal uses. I commend the camouflage particularly. Though I have pursued the Yeggmobile on numerous occasions, I have never caught it. I find great difficulty in determining the direction of its course. Often it is only when I am run over that I discover that it is not a fruit-stand or a hurdy-gurdy. Your collapsible running-board is most ingenious. It furnishes absolutely no foothold for the police.

"Yours to command,

"OLD SLEUTH."

### Why, Indeed?

NATURE is wonderful and has provided man with many things—

But why hasn't she made it possible for him to cut his own hair?

A WOMAN'S final decision often differs considerably from her absolutely final decision.



THE TRUTH ABOUT LADY GODIVA'S RIDE



AT LAST SHE HAS THE OPPORTUNITY OF MEETING THE MATINEE IDOL OF HER GIRLHOOD

### Coming Down from the Air

THE President of the Amalgamated Order of Hobby-Horse Workers was seated on the step of his new four-thousand-dollar automobile, kicking nervously at the granolithic walk with a boot which had cost twelve dollars and fifty cents, and chewing viciously at the butt of a fifty-cent cigar.

The Secretary of the Valets' Union, who chanced to be passing, paused at the gate with a quizzical smile and moved his neck sinuously so that the sun's rays were reflected from the nine-hundred-dollar diamond in his twelve-dollar cravat and diverted into the President's eyes. The President, dazzled, looked up.

"Why so pensive?" asked the Secretary.

The President groaned. "I'm up in the air," he replied. "Ten miles up! Our skilled workers, who carve the teeth and paint the eyes on hobby-horses, receive only thirty dollars a day, while our unskilled workers, who put on the rockers and attach the saddles, receive only fourteen dollars a day. As you know, we cannot live on such wages, for the best tailors are charging one hundred and fifty dollars for a suit of clothes."

"Why not strike?" asked the Sec-

retary carelessly, consulting his platinum wrist-watch.

"That's why I'm up in the air," replied the President despondently. "If we strike for more money, the price of hobby-horses will have to be raised by our employers, who are already paying us all the wages that they can

afford. Then the butchers and the tailors and the theatre managers and the jewelers, in order to get more money with which to buy hobby-horses for their children, will have to raise the prices of their commodities. And they will raise them twice as high as they need to, according to their peculiar custom. Then the money which we get by striking will be insufficient, and we will have to strike again. Then the butchers and the tailors and all the rest of them will have to raise their prices once more. That will mean that we will have to strike again. Then prices will be raised once more, and then we will strike again, and then prices will be raised once more, and then we will strike again, and then prices . . ."

The Secretary yawned audibly. "Forget it! Forget it!" he interrupted. "Don't ever let anyone get you up in the air that way! If you want more money, go get it! Don't think what will happen afterward! Don't worry about how it will affect other people! What if it *does* get somebody else in trouble? You're the person to think about, aren't you? Sure! Don't let yourself get up in the air! Let the other fellow do that."

"By George!" shouted the President, "you're right! We'll strike!"

And they did.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"A PECK OF POTATOES, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM, I'LL SEND THEM RIGHT AWAY."  
"WELL, IF THERE AREN'T ANY MORE IN THIS PECK THAN THERE WERE IN THE LAST YOU SENT, I'LL CARRY THEM."



THE SILENT PARTNER

## Have You a Little Bluebird in Your Home?

## A Maeterlinckian Drama



## SCENE I—The lobby of Carnegie Hall.

CUSTOMERS: Open the doors! Open the doors!  
DOORTENDER: Not yet! Not quite yet!

A CUSTOMER: What a vast throng! Why did I pay so much?

ANOTHER CUSTOMER: Did you? Did you really?

FIRST CUSTOMER (sobbing): Yes! Yes!

SECOND CUSTOMER: Why did you? Why did you?

FIRST CUSTOMER: None of your business! None of your business!

ALL CUSTOMERS: Open! Open! We have come to hear the famous M. Maeterlinck. We demand to hear the famous M. Maeterlinck.

A BUSINESS MAN: I should be in my office. Heaven knows, I ought to be back in my office. . . .

ANOTHER BUSINESS MAN: Peanuts, chewing-gum and candy . . . peanuts, candy and chewing-gum. . . .

DOORTENDER: The doors are open. . . . They are wide open!

ALL CUSTOMERS: Hoo-ray! (They surge through in turbulence.)

DOORTENDER: They are born every minute. . . . Every minute they are brought forth . . . with time and a half for overtime.

## Scene II—The inside of Carnegie Hall.

HEAD USHER: Where are your stubs? . . . Your stubs . . . ?

FIRST CUSTOMER: It is twenty-three minutes past two. . . . I cannot

find my umbrella. . . . The gas is still burning in the stove. . . . Oh! Oh! Oh!

SECOND CUSTOMER: My hat! My hat!

A SMALL BOY: I wanna drinka water! I wanna drinka water!

## Scene III—The inside of Carnegie Hall: M. Maeterlinck and retinue are discovered on the stage.

M. MAETERLINCK: Ladies and gentlemen, . . .

A DEAF OLD WOMAN: What did he say? What did he say?

4,598 CUSTOMERS: Hush! Hush!

M. MAETERLINCK: Ladies and gentlemen, . . .

THE DEAF OLD WOMAN: Eh? Eh?

THE FOUR OTHER CUSTOMERS: Be still, old woman! Hold your tongue!

M. MAETERLINCK: Heet geef mi gret plaisir zat hi hem hebbel to-be weez ieu zees heftairnoen. Mooch. . . .

ALL CUSTOMERS: What? What? What? What? What?

THE DEAF OLD WOMAN: Eh? Eh?

THE HEAD OF A LECTURE BUREAU: Permit me to explain. . . .

THE HEAD OF ANOTHER LECTURE BUREAU: No, permit me to explain. . . .

FIFTY-SEVEN HEADS OF FORTY-SIX LECTURE BUREAUS: No! No! Me! . . . Me! . . . ME!

ALL CUSTOMERS: Yes! Yes! Yes! No! No! No!

M. MAETERLINCK (to the lecture bureau heads): Heef ieu hintairrup', hi shell be-foarce to-bus' ieu hall hon ze beezaires. Hi hem ze graite bux-faute

—hein? (To custom—er—audience) Ladies and gentlemen, hi reseume. . . .

(As he lectures the curtain is lowered to denote the passage of an hour and a quarter, or two hours and ten minutes, or possibly three hours and a half. It is raised upon egression of the customers.)

FIRST CUSTOMER: It was beautiful. It was very beautiful. What did it mean?

SECOND CUSTOMER: What did it mean? It was very lovely.

THIRD CUSTOMER: Wasn't it splendid? I should like to know what it was all about.

ALL CUSTOMERS: What did it mean? What did it mean? We want to know what it meant? Who knows what it meant?

HEAD USHER: Do not ask me. It wasn't half bad. It wouldn't be half bad if I were able to understand it. This way out! . . . This way out!

THE BUSINESS MAN: I must rush back to my office. I must raise prices. I must raise prices higher, . . . higher, . . . higher.

THE DEAF OLD WOMAN (sobbing): I didn't hear a word! . . . I didn't hear a word!

DOORTENDER: She didn't hear a word. . . . She didn't hear a word. . . .

THE DEAF OLD WOMAN: Not a word! . . . Not half a word! . . .

DOORTENDER: The luck of some persons! . . . Oh, the luck of some persons! . . .

Quick, bomb-proof curtain.

Henry William Hanemann.



EX-SERGEANT SNITHERS BRINGS IN SOME-COOKS



Those of us who collaborate in the improvement of the Liberty Motor Car, do not delude ourselves that we will ever attain perfection.

The point of perfection recedes, of course, as we approach it—but equally, of course, the pursuit of perfection results in greater and greater excellence and beauty.

This latest Liberty, for instance, is unmistakably a closer approach to perfection.

It does not depart from a single previous Liberty essential—but it has improved upon them all.

In its inner excellence, and in outer aspect, this Liberty is undeniably better and more beautiful.

The skill and soundness of Liberty design and construction, find their best expression in that delightful difference in the way it rides and drives, which everyone instantly observes.

That fine quality, which is the key to all the rest, you will find more apparent than ever.

—Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



# LIBERTY SIX



### Two Souls with But One Thought

MRS. FLYHIGH: Doesn't Mrs. Owens look radiant? She must be thinking of her new gown.

MR. FLYHIGH: Yes, and do you observe how wretched her husband looks? He is evidently thinking of it, too.—*St. Augustine Record*.

### Agreed on That

"Is life worth living?"

"I think that question has been answered for good and all. The cost has been more than doubled, and we all hang on."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A cook recently engaged by a woman of conspicuous wealth and fashion brought her own maid with her. Through every rank of society like conditions prevail.—*New York Herald*.

THERE are times when nothing exasperates so much as perfectly reasonable argument.—*London Impressions*.



"PERHAPS I DIDN'T PUT YOU AWAY FOR GOOD"

### A Financial Diagnosis

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee.

"The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. For instance, I charge twenty-five dollars a call at the residence, ten dollars for an office consultation, and five dollars for a telephone consultation."

There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the theatre, slightly thickened, spoke:

"Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"—*Chicago Journal*.

### The Reminder

CONDUCTOR: Do you mind if I put your bag out of the way, sir? People coming in are falling over it.

TRAVELER: You leave it where it is. If nobody falls over it I shall forget it's there.—*London Opinion*.

"HAS Jack anything laid by for a rainy day?"

"Yes, he's engaged to an heiress."—*Boston Transcript*.

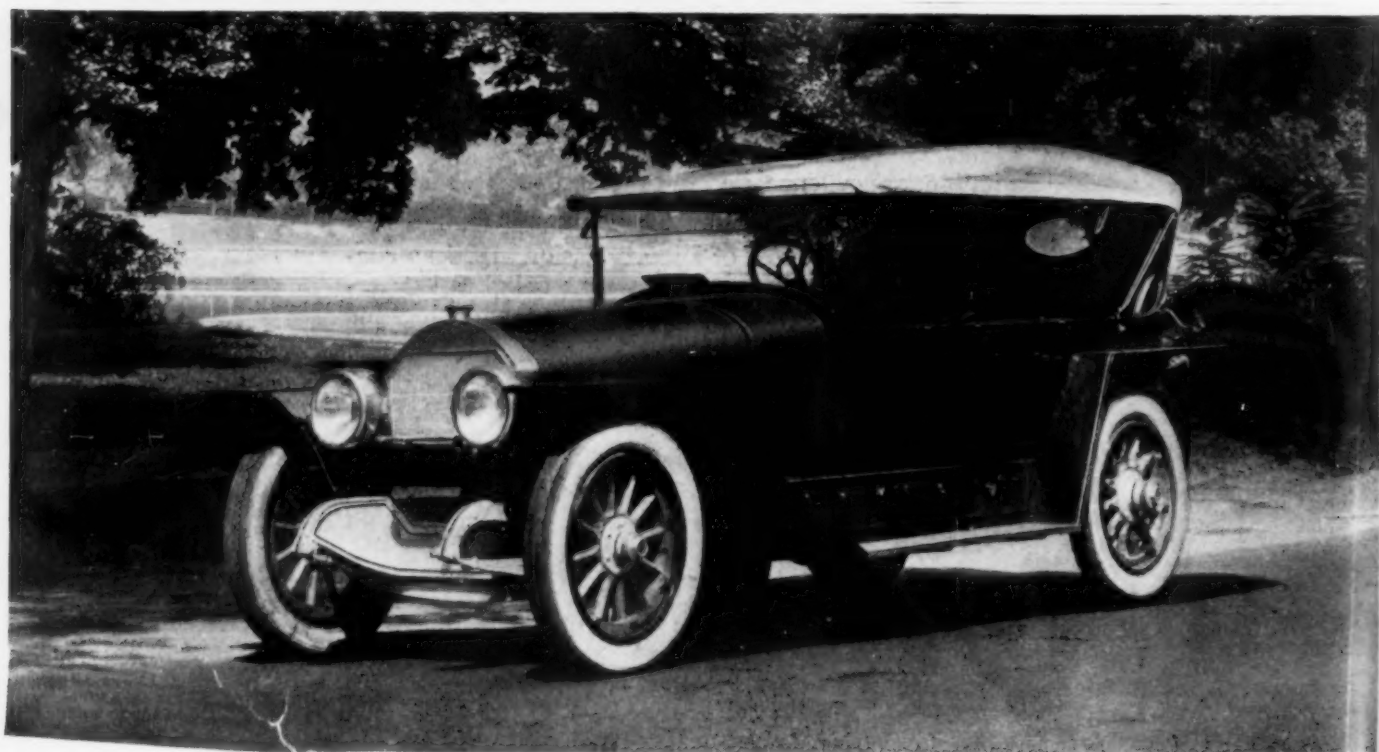
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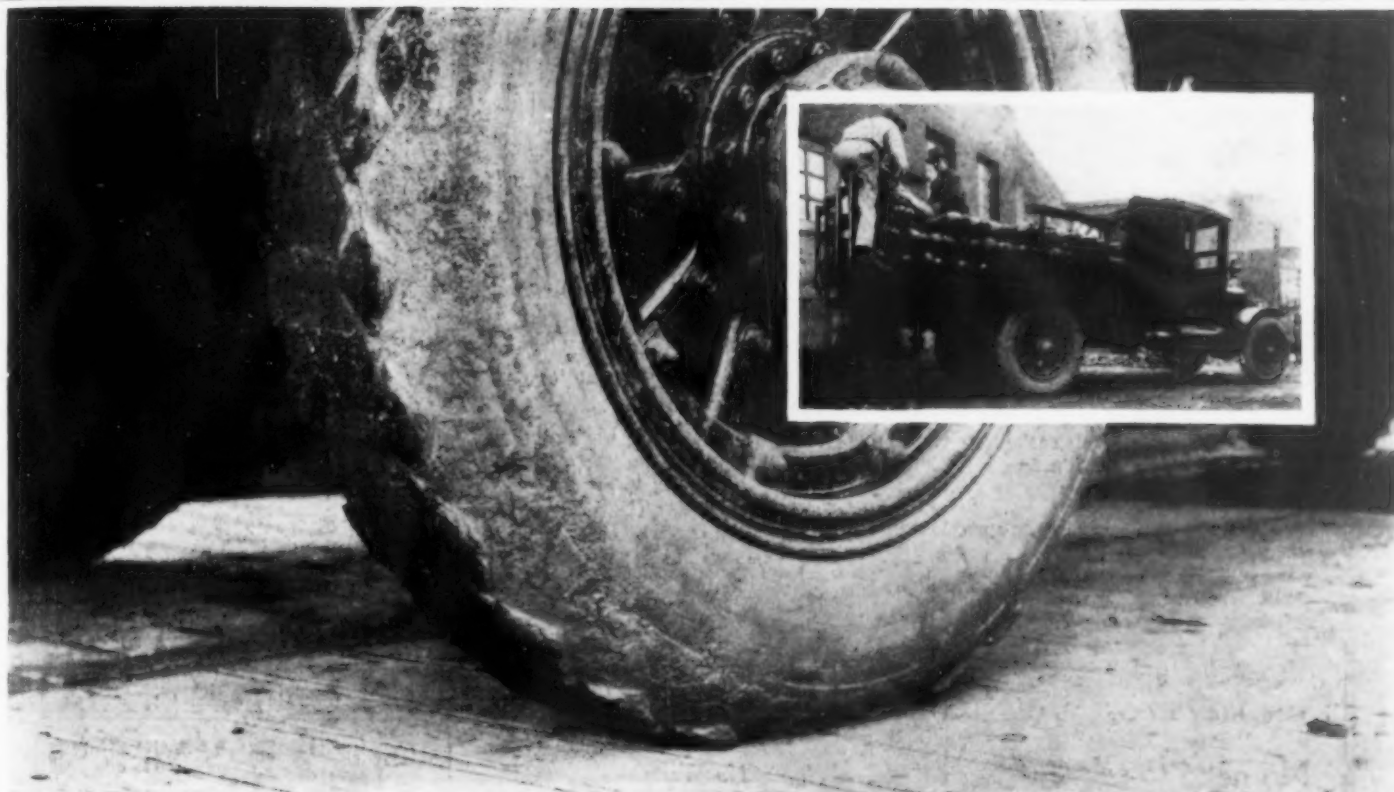
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### SPECIAL LOCOMOBILE TOURING CAR

A body design which incorporates in a seven passenger body the characteristic lines of the four passenger car.

Custom Design by the Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.



Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

**"WE make more deliveries and cover more ground on Goodyear Cord Tires than we ever could on solid tires—repairs are far less and our driver works better on them. We find Goodyear Cords tough and altogether economical."** — W. L. Brant, Sec'y and Treas., Indiana Oxygen Co., Indianapolis

**S**TATEMENTS like this one strikingly illustrate how perfected pneumatic truck tires are increasing the range and value of motor transportation.

In removing the limitations imposed by solid tires, the pneumatics have set free the full abilities of motor trucks to serve with utmost result.

Due to the Goodyear Cord construction, originated by Goodyear thirteen years ago, the pneumatic truck tire has been made entirely practical and brought to its present high efficiency.

For it is this construction which underlies every element of advantage in the advanced pneumatic truck tire; its traction, cushioning, toughness, nimbleness and all-round economy.

Today Goodyear's pioneering work is expressed not only by the production, for trucks, of Goodyear Cord Tires, Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials, but also by its contribution to the development of proper engine pumps, wheels, air gauges and vulcanizing equipment.

This work is expressed also in the telling demonstrations of pneumatic truck tires by Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Express, Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line, Goodyear Heights Bus Service and allied activities in different fields.

Conclusive cost data detailing the economy of pneumatic truck tires as compared with solid tires can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.



**GOODYEAR**

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Good Business Woman

In the soft firelight even the boarding house sitting-room looked cozy and attractive. The warmth and comfort thawed the heart of the "star" boarder. He turned to the landlady and murmured, "Will you be my wife?"

"Let me see," replied the landlady, "you have been here four years. You have never once grumbled at the food or failed to pay my bill promptly and without question. No, sir, I'm sorry. You're too good a boarder to be put on the free list!"—*New Commonwealth.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

## FOWNES

NAME IN EVERY PAIR

No need to ask  
"what's the style"  
nor "will they  
wear?"

Style and wear  
are "on hand"  
when you  
secure Fownes

## GLOVES

FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

# EGYPTIAN DEITIES

*"The Utmost in Cigarettes"*  
Plain End or Cork Tip.

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette

*Smargura*  
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

30¢

### No Waste

Mr. and Mrs. Newbride had at last obtained a villa in a suburb of London, and Mr. Newbride was hanging the pictures. There was a certain photograph of his wife which he decided must go up, but which was too small to suspend from the rail by a cord. He thereupon got a substantial nail and hammered it into the wall. There came a knock at the door.

"It's Mr. Nexdor," said his wife, running to the window. "Your hammering has disturbed him."

Mr. Newbride hastened to apologize.

"Oh, I don't mind the noise," replied Mr. Nexdor, cheerily. "I only came to ask if I might hang a picture on the other end of the nail."—*Argonaut.*

## 9 PAYMENTS

monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE

**CHARLES E. VAN RIPER**  
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50 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

## Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. B, Boston.

## "Capewell" Horse Nails Cost Less



In the long run than cheap substitutes. Why not have your horses shod with the best nails which are safe and which will hold the shoes under the severest strains? Ask your shoer to use "The Capewell"—the nail of quality and service. Used abroad as well as at home.

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Conn.

# Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Would you be at ease regarding the condition of your complexion, whether among crowds of observing people, or out of doors where the delicate texture of the skin is exposed to frigid, dust-laden winds? HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM provides a simple way, a safe, sure, economical way and, withal, a most agreeable treatment that will enable you to enjoy the possession of a lovely complexion. It will assure the right foundation for healthy and attractive skin, which is **CLEANLINESS** and **SOFTNESS**. Keep the HANDS attractive and free from chapping by using HINDS CREAM.

**SAMPLES:** Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or money. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Face Powder, sample 2c; trial size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling throughout the world. Mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory if not easily obtainable.

**A. S. HINDS, 208 West Street, Portland, Maine**

# AMERICAN EXPRESS

**SOLVED!**  
The Problem  
of European Travel  
'The American Traveler  
in Europe—1920'

Send for this free booklet of  
practical information.  
**AMERICAN EXPRESS  
TRAVEL DEPT.  
65 BROADWAY  
N. Y.**

# TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

## 500 Shaves

guaranteed from  
every dozen blades

**S**UCH shaving economy is possible only with the AutoStrop Razor.

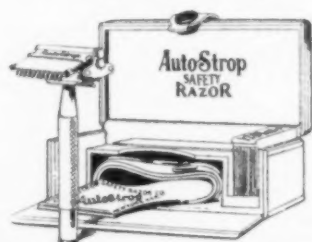
The patented self-stropping feature insures you at least 500 clean, cool shaves from every dozen blades.

Every shave is as comfortable as a keen edged, freshly stropped blade can make it.

When through shaving, simply rinse the AutoStrop Razor and wipe it dry—not a single part to be removed at any time.

## AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself



FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



**158 GENUINE FOREIGN STAMPS**—Mexico War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Only 10c. Finest Approval Sheets 50 to 60 per cent. **AGENTS WANTED.** Big 72-p. lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Established 25 yrs. **HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 79. ST. LOUIS, MO**



### WHY NOT?

**Ex-Striker:** COME AT ONCE, DOCTOR. MY WIFE IS DYING.  
**Doctor:** CAN'T DO IT. THE DOCTORS' UNION HAS JUST CALLED A STRIKE.

### The Master's Dictation

**I** SAW a little Ouija board  
That wrote a novelette  
Dictated by a Master Mind;  
But much do I regret  
To have to chronicle the fact,  
(I really hate to tell!)  
He'd lost his grip on grammar and  
Forgotten how to spell!

Mabel Haughton Collyer.



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## DAZED?

**Soviets—  
Sulky senators—  
Soap-box addicts—  
Lady members of parliament—  
Coal! Sugar! Shoes!  
A mad, mad world!**

Read

## VANITY FAIR

*the magazine of leisure interests for men who know enough to have them*

In an era of perplexities and solemnities, Vanity Fair keeps intact its keen, tolerant, amused viewpoint . . . Vanity Fair maintains its cheerful outlook on Life, Art, and Letters—its light, sure touch of farce—its direct appeal to men and women of leisure, intellect, and sympathetic appreciation.

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**VANITY FAIR** sails along on the crest of every new movement in Life, Art, Letters.

**I**F a painter soars up from the chiaroscuro of Greenwich Village with something called "Three Black Orchids on a Nude Ferryboat" Vanity Fair knows all—or at least enough—about it.

Not even the most carefully constructed human being can know every phase of this whirling world. Vanity Fair eliminates for you the mediocre, the gross, and the dull. The result is a brilliant resumé of the month's interesting happenings, which happen more frequently than you think.

**I**F a new motor comes out with a diamond-studded cam-shaft, Vanity Fair refers carelessly to the fuxorious new cars.

**W**HEN a one act play composed chiefly of long, tense silences, interspersed with sudden murders, appears, Vanity Fair will tell you what it means—if anything.

### SPECIAL OFFER:

### Two Years of Vanity Fair for \$4

Vanity Fair's regular subscription price from now on is \$3.50 a year—two years \$7.00. But—if you mail that coupon now, you may have **TWO YEARS OF VANITY FAIR FOR \$4.** A saving of \$3 on the regular subscription price.

Life isn't so full of cheerful things that you can afford to miss Vanity Fair. Don't hesitate! Don't delay! Don't stand around on one leg like the Statue of Transportation on the State Capitol! Sign that coupon! This offer will not be held open long!

**VANITY FAIR, 19 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK CITY**

I am going to see for myself if you are as good as you think you are. Enter my subscription for two years, beginning with the next possible issue. Here's my four dollars (OR) I'll remit four dollars on receipt of your bill. (Canadian \$5.)

Name ..... City .....

Street ..... State .....

Illustrations copyright Vanity Fair

# Reading advertisements has helped to make this a united country

Jim Hawkins props his feet on the rose-festooned porch railing in an Oregon suburb and reads the same motor car advertisement that Cousin Peter is studying as he rides home from work in the New York subway.

In Arizona you can buy the same tooth-paste and tobacco that are used by the folks in Maine.

California fruit growers advertise their oranges and lemons to the people of the East. New Hampshire factories make ice cream freezers for Texas households.

There can be no division in a country so bound together by taste, habit and custom. You can meet up with anybody in the United States and quickly get on a conversational footing because you both read the same advertisements.

Advertising is the guide to what's good to buy. Advertisements give you the latest news from the front line of business progress.

Reading advertisements enables you to get more for your money because they tell you where, what and when to buy. And it is a well-known fact that advertised goods are more reliable and better value than the unadvertised kind.

Gee. Bee. Are.  
LIFE'S Advertising Manager, 31st St., West, No. 17, New York  
B. F. Provandie, Western Mgr., Marquette Bldg., 1537, Chicago

*"Crisp as a  
Winter Morn"*



This glass, vacuum-sealed jar, is a positive guarantee of fresh, crisp, salted peanuts at all times. Test them.

There are no salted peanuts like *Planters Pennant*.

*To Dealers*—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once giving name and address of your jobber, and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

10-oz. jar—50c

6 oz. jar—35c

Glassine bag—5c

Planters Nut and Chocolate Co.  
Wilkes-Barre, Penn. Suffolk, Va.

Sold everywhere in the familiar 5c glassine bags with the RED PENNANT.  
Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag—they are not PENNANTS.

*Planters*  
PENNANT  
—BRAND—PEANUTS

THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUTS

# Columbia Grafonola



## *In Period Designs*

This beautiful Italian Renaissance Period Grafonola is a reproduction of one of the fine examples of Renaissance furniture that have come down to us through the centuries, revered for their matchless loveliness of design and carving. A true copy of a priceless old Italian cabinet, it is a rarely beautiful and artistic piece of furniture, and at the same time a matchless musical instrument.

This Italian Renaissance design is one of 22 different Period Models of the Columbia Grafonola. Whatever the scheme of interior decoration that governs your home, you will find one of these artistic Period Grafonolas that will harmonize perfectly with it.

The music, clear and sweet as the notes of a deep-toned bell, floats through a beautiful silk-backed grille. All Period Design Grafonolas are operated by electric current, motor starting and stopping automatically. This particular model has accommodation for 80 records.

*Columbia Grafonolas: Period Designs, \$300 to \$2100; Standard Models up to \$300.*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York  
Canadian Factory: Toronto

